

The True LOYALIST; 115.

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The Obedient SUBJECT.

A Loyal SONG.

To the Tune of, Let Caesar live long.



I.

Let *Caesar* live long, and his temper abide,
Who twenty years plentiful seasons has try'd,
Let twenty, and twenty, be counted too few,
Still every Season consisting of new,
Till tir'd with the joys which this world can afford,
He retires to be made a more glorious Lord.

II.

Let a Royal Almanzor great *Caesar* succeed,
And *England* from faction for ever be freed,
Through endless succession may his Race ever run,
Who by Sea and By Land such wonders has done,
May his issue increase, and these nations rule o're,
Until ages last period and time be no more.

III.

Upon our blest Prince, may all blessings increase,
And *England* thus happy, still flourish in peace,
For his safety, and life, may his Subjects all pray,
And always be loyal, and ever obey,
All round the vast Globe may his glories be known,
And let fame with her Trumpet declare his renown.

IV.

May all his great actions increase in us love,
And all his proceedings be crowned above,
May all in his Kingdoms prove loyal and true,
And Faction and folly no longer pursue,
May his Scepter endure like the Sun that does give,
A bright beauty and lustre to all things that live.

V.

May Angels preserve him that sits at the Helm,
And makes new Rulers should govern a Realm,

All Princes in *Europe* rehearse his great name,
And his Wisdom, and conduct, and Glory proclaim:
So happy are we, in our sovereign Lord,
That's so great, good, & just, and so true to his word.

VI.

While all other Nations are busied in War,
While tydings of troubles are brought from afar,
'Tis *England* (alone) rests secure void of fear,
Then how happy! how happy! we subjects are here,
Our obedience, and duty, will teach us to sing,
And declare how the Nation is blest in her King.

VII.

Observe how some *Cedar* does stretch out his arms,
And kindly protects the young trees from all harms;
No Tempest, or Wind, can his friendship remove,
He braves all the storms and stands firm in his love,
Nor the wind hurts with cold nor the sun with his heat
For he shades all their beauty, & makes them so sweet

VIII.

This Royal-high-*Cedar* is *Caesar* our King,
The trees are his Subjects safe under his wing, (fear,
What clouds, or what storms, or what winds need we
When *Angels* guard him, for to guard all us here:
Long, long, may he Reign here, whose virtues we'll
And now, now Boys, your Bonnets all, sing,
God Save the King.

FINIS.

This may be Printed, R. P.

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